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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

WINGS OF SPRING

THE MARVEL

Up on the hill where trees were bare
I saw her go the first spring dawn.
The thrushes came while she was there
And sang when she had gone.

I looked at noon, and saw how light
Had crept into the apple row.
"The hill," I said, "will soon be white
With April apple snow."

So I was sure that I had learned
Why thrushes sang where she went by—
Yet on the day that she returned
The leaves began to die.

MARGOT

Dear one, I cannot tell you in a word
How sweet I think you are, for you are gone—
Gone like a lovely song that I have heard,
But never learned, from new-leaved woods at dawn.
I think of fluting from a distant hill
Blown in the spring by some light shepherd boy,